Mommy Bommy  
By Mollycoddles

Donna Ka-Boom was blonde bombshell. Literally. She was a big thick milfy bomb girl. Surely you’ve heard of bomb girls, haven’t you? No? Well, allow me to explain. Allow me to set the stage for our story, to introduce to you a world populated not only with people like you and I but also with anthropomorphic explosives – gals with nitro glycerin in their veins and gunpowder in their hearts, gals who could take out a city block with their “explosive” tempers if they really wanted to. Bomb girls looked like regular women, except for a couple key differences. Although there’s some variation between different sorts of bomb girls, let’s take our girl Donna as an example. Donna had a timer nestled into the soft warm canyon between her breasts, a clock-face in her cleavage that was clearly visible on the frequent occasions when the voluptuous milf wore low cut blouses, and always wore an alarm clock strapped to her hip. She also had a fuse protruding from the small of her back, right above the ample orbs of her prominent posterior. Her fuse swished like a tail behind her when Donna walked and it settled right against her ass crack when she stood still.

Donna towered above her husband Jim by a good three or four inches. Her two daughters, Atom (13) and Torpedo (11), were no doubt destined to one day follow in their mother’s footsteps; surely they were fated to grow into absolute bombshells once puberty had its way with them. That was pretty typical for bomb girls, after all. But let’s talk more about Donna. Donna was a curvaceous amazon beauty with a thick mane of golden blonde hair that fell over broad supple shoulders, plump plush lips, and sparkling blue eyes that always seemed filled with quizzical mischief. Most noticeable, though, were Donna’s curves. She was zaftig like nobody’s business, with a full bosom and a fuller behind and a plump little tummy pooch that was gradually growing up to be a fat little belly. Her thighs were thick and sturdy and so big that they rubbed when she walked, building dangerous friction. As a bomb girl, Donna had to be careful that her chafing thighs didn’t build up enough static electricity to spark her fuse. That would be most embarrassing! Nothing was worse than being in the middle of the park or the grocery store and finding that your fuse had suddenly lit. Once that happened, a whole host of… interesting changes would take place. Perfectly normal for bomb girls, of course, but very strange to witness if you were unfamiliar. First, the bomb girl’s body would start to swell with tension as her fuse receded. Her curves became more exaggerated – her breasts should inflate like auto airbags, sloshing with highly volatile nitro glycerin, her butt would balloon, her thighs would thicken, her belly would bulge. She would get bigger and bigger and bigger as her fuse grew shorter and shorter and eventually her fuse would disappear into nothingness and then… KA-BOOM!!!

That wasn’t the only danger that could light a bomb girl’s fuse. Sometimes a gal just got too angry or too excited or even too horny… and her fuse would start to sizzle! It was a good reason to always keep a level head or else a gal could REALLY blow her stack!

Have I set the stage enough? Can you picture it? Think of this world, where sexy sentient bomb girls live among us. What a strange and exotic world that would be, wouldn’t it? You might think that a gal like that would have trouble in life, that people would mistrust a gal who could explode at any moment… that they would be frightened of them! Well, if anything people should probably have been more scared of girls like Donna than they were. Donna’s disarming charm and ample curves meant were so distracting that most people could easily forget that she was a literal walking, talking, ticking time bomb and, like all bomb girls, destined to eventually “go off” one day when the time was right.

How often had Donna been out and about, getting her nails done at the salon or shopping for the kids’ school supplies, when she’d accidently sparked her fuse? It was hard for Donna to reach, so she would always have to ask some kindly stranger to extinguish her cherry for her. After all, she wouldn’t want to blow and make a big scene!

“Jim, you wouldn’t believe the day I had, darling!” Donna sauntered through the front door, her short white dress swirling around her wide hips and long statuesque legs. The yummy mummy paused to adjust her lustrous blonde locks in the hallway mirror, mouth a kissy face at her reflection, and very quickly plump her boobs around her timer. A gal had to look her best when she saw her husband, of course! She kicked off her stiletto heels – Donna NEVER left the house without being dressed to the nines, not even when she was just leaving to drop the kids off at school.

“What happened, hun?” asked Jim, watching his wife enter the room from the couch. The plunging neckline on Donna’s dress helpfully showed off her plump assets. Below the neckline, three pearl buttons held on for dear life across the balcony of her bosom.

“I dropped off the girls at school and their teacher said that I was dressed inappropriately! She said it was a bad example for young bomb girls to see a mature woman show off her assets like me! She was afraid that it would get people too excited and, well, you know what that means to…”

“I know what it leads to when I get too excited,” said Jim, his gaze licking his wife up and down. Gawd, she was SO hot. Even now, as flustered as she was, Donna was still a yummy mummy of the highest order.

“Oh, very funny, sweetie!”

“C’mere, you sexy thing,” growled Jim. He tapped the straining button on Donna’s dress lightly, but that was enough to push it from its hole. Her dress instantly gapped, as if it was relieved to be freed from the pressure of holding in her titanic titties.

“Jim! Now now, mister man, you’re being awfully frisky today! Don’t start getting ideas! You push too hard and you’ll get my fuse lit and there where would we be?”

“Hmm, I’m not worried about that.” Jim popped Donna’s second button from its loop, smiling widely as Donna’s boobs settled lower against her chest once the support from her tight dress was gone. He cupped her breasts with his hands, barely fitting a breast in each palm, and started to knead her soft doughy flesh. Donna’s rebukes melted on her tongue as she fell into bliss.

“Hmmm…. Jim… that feels so good… Yeah, keep doing that, baby…”

Jim scooped Donna’s breasts out of her dress and let the fall against her chest. Unfettered, they sagged halfway to her belly button. He grinned at the knowledge that Donna wasn’t wearing a bra; she’d gone out and about the town without a brassiere to tether her bountiful beauties down! He could only imagine the delicious sight of his wife wiggle-waddling down the street, her enormous tits jiggling wildly with every step, her puffy cork-sized nipples tenting the fabric of her white dress.

“Hmm, now don’t these look tasty!” he said.

“Oh no, mister man, don’t even think about it!” Donna’s eyes went wide and she reflexively put her palms over her exposed nipples. “You’re gonna lick my nipples now, aren’t you?

Jim nipped at his wife’s puffy nipple, catching it between his teeth and gently gnawing until he could feel it grow tight and erect. He pulled away, tugging her fat nip lightly with his teeth before letting go. Her stretched nipple bounced back, her whole breast shimmying in response.

“Ooooh, that’s right! Mmm, slurp up my milk, I love it when you suck on my nips like that. Oooo, it feels so good, sweetie. Keep doing that!”

Suddenly, there was a loud hiss and a shower of sparks as the tip of Donna’s fuse, swishing behind her, burst into bright blue flames. Instantly, the ember started to slowly travel down the length of the bomb girl’s thick wick, leaving a steady stream of ash behind.

“Now look what you’ve done, mister,” said Donna, clicking her tongue although her smile indicated that she didn’t mind. “You’ve gone and lit my fuse.”

“Oh sorry, Donna, I didn’t mean to get you so excited.” Jim reached out to extinguish the fuse between his thumb and forefinger. Donna slapped him away, a mock hurt expression on her face.

“Hands off momma’s cherry, baby! You’ve lit it and now you gotta deal with the consequences.”

“Oh! Well, that’s a change of attitude, isn’t it?”

“Jim, you’re going to find out now what happens when you get a bommy mommy too excited. You think it’s easy living a fuse in my ass? Hmm? Every time I get horny, I gotta ask someone to put out my fuse. Oooo, Jim, you know how embarrassing that is? You know, I was at the gym the other day and I thought about you…” She drew a manicured nail across his chest and gave him a seductive pout. “I thought about the way you like to nibble my nips, just like you did, and oooo I just started to get SO wet. Why, I thought my fat little pussy was going to soak right through my leotard and then all the girls at the gym would know what I naughty little bommy mommy I was. Oh, Jim, they would all know how horny I was and how I just wanted you to fuck my silly little bombette brains out. But, if that wasn’t bad enough… suddenly my fuse lit! And I was so busy thinking about YOUR dick, mister, that I didn’t even notice. How embarrassing! My wick was burning up behind me, just getting shorter and shorter, and I didn’t even know! Luckily, one of the gals finally had the courtesy to tell me and help out it out. Oooo, but then I had to make up a story about why I sparked. I could have her know that I was just thinking about my sexy man, hmm? And his big dick? No, I told her I just had something spicy for lunch!”

Already, changes were coming over Donna’s body. Her breasts were filling up and out, swelling from their normal teardrop shape into two perfectly round spheres topped by big burgundy nipples.

Donna turned around with a dramatic swish, her fuse sweeping out behind her and nearly smacking Jim in the face. From the back, the twin orbs of Donna’s perfectly plush tush fought for room inside the confines of her short white dress.

“I hope you like momma’s big booty,” said Donna, “Cuz there’s about to be a lot more of it.”

“Ooohh… I love to grow!” cooed Donna, caressing her inflating bosom as she ground her backside into Jim’s crotch. “Mmm… I know I said it was SO embarrassing to have my fuse light in public, but, hmmm, it sure does feel good. And you know, baby, it feels better the shorter my fuses gets? It just gets me so HOT and BOTHERED thinking about it getting shorter and shorter.” She inhaled deeply, her bloated boobs heaving with her sigh. Gawd, Jim’s dick was SO hard he thought it was going to rip through his pants! There was nothing better than getting a lap dance from a literal bombshell and he couldn’t get enough of that bomb booty! Donna’s booty was so round and ripe and plump and pert that it made him think about a pair of old-fashioned bombs, the big black cannon ball-looking ones you sometimes saw in old cartoons. How appropriate!

“Let’s get those pants off you, babe… Momma wants to see her man naked. Ooo, momma wants to see the plunger he’s gonna use to detonate this dynamite!”

Donna tugged his pants down as Jim wriggled out of his underwear. His dick popped to attention as soon as it was free from its cloth prison, a shiny shimmering of pre-cum glistening on the purple tip of his shaft.

“Hmm, baby’s getting all excited! Just you wait… momma’s not ready for you JUST yet…”

The timer was ticking down… tick tick tick… vibrating slightly every time that the second hand moved and sending shockwaves through Donna’s big round boobies. Donna giggled.

“Oops! Sorry, baby, it’s just that every time my timer ticks, it makes my boobs jiggle. And you know me, the more I jiggle, the more I giggle!” She giggled again. “Oops! There I go again! What a silly bommy mommy I am!”

Jim had to smile. He loved his big bountiful bomb girl wife, but everyone knew she was a little bit of a bimbo. Or, as people called the ditzier bomb girls, a bit of a bombo.

“I wish I could keep growing forever,” said Donna with a sly wink. “But I guess all good things have to end, hmm, baby? But don’t worry, you know what they say: the bigger the booty, the bigger the boom! And I swear, this isn’t just a booty anymore. It’s an honest to god booTAY! And when it goes off, it’s gonna be like a nuclear blast, babe, so you better watch out!”

She giggled again. Her butt was bigger than ever, the fabric of her dress stretched so tight over the lobes of her decadent, delicious derriere that it was practically see-through. Jim could discern the outlines of his widening wifey’s panties through the paper-thin material.

“I’m sorry I’m such a… what is the word they use? A bombo? Yeah, don’t act so surprised, baby. I know all your friends say that about me, they all think your little bomb girl wife is just a big juicy silly dumb fat bombo. Hmm, but you don’t think that about me now do you, baby? You love your hot bombo wife, don’t you?”

“Damn, baby, you know I do… I love my hot bombo wife!”

“Oh sweetie, that’s what I love to hear!” Giggling, Donna mashed her ass into Jim’s crotch, rubbing furiously so that the hard length of his shaft was sandwiched right into the crack between her big soft buns.

Donna tucked her sloshing boobs back into her dress, only to have the top pearl button suddenly pop off only moments later and flew across the room.

“Oops! It must be June, because I’m just busting out all over,” giggled Donna, playfully nibbling at the tip of one of her manicured nails. She squeaked again as the second button let go with a high-pitched snap and the gap at the front of her dress widened, revealing more of her deliciously creamy cleavage. “Momma’s little gals are just growing up so fast!”

Another snap and a third button bounced free, Donna’s grandiloquent bosom spilling free.

“Oh my, I’m really plumping up, aren’t I? This is gonna be a really big bang, I can feel it already! And it’s not just my boobies getting ready for the fireworks, either! I can feel it, I’m really getting big in the bumbum too! Wouldn’t you agree, Jim?”

She raised her big round ass and aimed it at his face.

“Oooo, my booty is getting SO juicy!” She shook her rump in Jim’s face and he could hear the nitro glycerin slosh inside her. She was getting more and more unstable as she grew and Jim could only hope that she didn’t blow herself to kingdom come even before her fuse ran out!

“Oh baby… my fuse is really getting awfully short! Hee hee, it tickles!” Donna’s figure was growing more ridiculously curvaceous by the second, the sizzling sound of her fuse running and the ticking of her timer keeping pace as she ballooned. Her dress slid upwards as her expanding rear took up more and more of the material, revealing more and more of her titanic thighs. Finally the dress’s hem ascended above the lowest quarter of Donna’s monster booty, revealing tender rounded butt flesh and there, clenched tightly between her chubby cheeks, a whisper of frilly fabric – her over-stretched panties

“Oh!!! Oh!!! Momma’s getting SO big. I don’t think I’ve ever grown this big before I’ve exploded before?” Donna struck a pose, thrusting out her bust and buttocks for emphasis. “I’m really ballooning into a zeppelin, aren’t I? A real hydrogen zeppelin, you might say, so you better watch out! I hope you’re ready, honey, cuz I’m really gonna go out with a boom this time!”

Donna pushed Jim down onto the couch and climbed on top of him, her big strong thighs stradling the smaller male. Purring deep in her throat, she ran her hands along her sides, cupping her new boobs, the down down down to paw at her soaking wet crotch, fumbling under her dress to seek her squishy pussy inside her drenched panties. She sighed as her fingers slid under the sheer material and pressed between her puffy lips.

“Hmmm…” Donna peeled aside her panties, exposing her soft ripe vulva, glistening with nitro glycerin. She was highly unstable now, but the more unstable she grew, the hornier she became!

“Baby, I need you inside me now!”

“Donna, honey, you can’t take that kind of action! If I plow you too hard, you’re gonna go off!”

“You bet I will!” purred Donna, licking her pink tongue over her perfect white teeth. “Hmm, but what a way to go!”

Jim’s token protests didn’t last. How could he continue to resist in the face of such radiance? Donna was positively glowing, her whole body starting to radiate an ominous light as she neared detonation. Donna lowered herself onto her husband’s dick with excruciating slowness until he was all inside her, sheathed to the hilt. She clenched her massive mommy thighs, sighing in bliss at the electric tendrils of pleasure that permeated her being as she started to rock.

The timer was ticking down to the final seconds before detonation and Donna’s body was visibly shaking with the strain of holding together. She was just TOO big! She squealed in ecstasy.

“Oh Jim! Oh, you wouldn’t believe how good this feels! Ohhh, my fuse is almost gone! Sweetie, brace yourself! Mommy doesn’t want her little man to get hurt when she explodes!” Donna moved herself up and down on Jim’s dick, her hungry pussy sliding wetly over his hardness, soft moans of pleasure escaping between her puffy lips in breathy little gasps. Her hands were on his chest now, massaging her husband’s body, reminding her of his closeness as she grew and grew and grew. Her increasing size meant gave her extra umph as she slammed on Jim’s cock and every thrust made him want to cum SO bad… But it wasn’t time yet…

5…

“Ohhh I can feel it building!” huffed the milfy bombette, inhaling deeply and biting her lip. “Hmmm, I’m getting so tense and worked up! I don’t know how much longer I can hold out, baby…”

4…

“Hmmm… momma’s tanks are getting nice and full!” Donna giggled, hefting her now even plumper bosom with her hands. “Do you hear them?” Jim could hear the steady glug-glug-glug as even more nitro glycerin unfolded inside her, pumping her jugs bigger and bigger, her bottom rounder and rounder.

3…

“Ohhh, this big juicy bombette’s ready to go boom! Sweetie, I think… I think… oh, it’s coming!” Donna’s blue eyes started to flash red, a warning sign that she was nearing detonation. “This killer booty is literally a killer booty now! This bombshell’s ready to blast! Oh Jim… oh… I can feel it!! I’m gonna… oh! I’m gonna…”

2…

Jim groaned as he lost the fight to hold himself back and he exploded inside Donna, filling her tight warm pussy with seed. She was extremely unstable now, ready to blow at the slightest provocation, and it looked like Jim might have given it to her! She bit her lip, sucking air between her teeth, her eyelids fluttering in bliss.

1…

The timer hit 0 and the alarm clock on Donna’s hip started to ring loudly. At the exact same time, Donna started to shake, her enormous tits quivering, her gigantic plush rump wobbling. A rumbling noise emanated from her chest.

“This is it, baby! Mommy’s gonna blow! Oh! Oh! Oh sweetie, you better plug your ears… this is gonna be LOUD!”

KA BOOOOM!!!! Donna exploded into a gigantic mushroom cloud, blasting the roof off of the house and blowing down the walls. Her explosion sent shrapnel flying in all directions, leveling the entire block.

Far away, walking home from school, Donna’s two daughters perks up perked up at the sound of distant thunder.

“What was that?” asked Torpedo, the younger of the two.

“I’d know that sound,” said older daughter Atom. “That was definitely mom.”

“Mom? What are you talking about?”

“I’ll tell you when you’re older,” said Atom. “You’re too young for that sort of thing, you haven’t even had your adult wick come in yet.”

“I am not too young!” said Torpedo crossly, stamping her foot. “I want to know what that was!”

“When you’re older,” repeated Atom. “I’ll explain it when it’s time for you to learn about the birds and the bombs.”

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Molly Coddles is a longtime writer of weight gain, inflation, stuffing, and expansion erotica who loves big girls and everything about them! If you enjoyed this story, please consider leaving a review on Amazon to tell other readers’ what you thought! You can also find more of my work at the following addresses:

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Best wishes,

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